

270
TONY: (YAWNING) What do I do with the alarm clock, Thunderbird?

HAWK: (OFF SLIGHTLY) What would you like to do with it?

TONY: See how far I can throw it - but I know that it isn't practical - since we're takin' off for home tomorrow.

HAWK: (COMING ON) Well, since we've wound up a job I think

we deserve an uninterrupted sack-time -
THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK
unless you have other plans . . .

TONY: No? - Have other plans?!

SCRIPT: 270

MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:

DAY: Monday

ANNOUNCER: Columbia pres DATE: June 3rd

SPARROW AND THE HAWK -
a story of modern adventure high in the skies,

wherever planes can go. . . Hop aboard as Hawk

Mallory and his nephew, Barney Mallory, pilot

CHARACTERS:
their plane along exciting skyways . . .

(PLANE HAWK

BARNEY

Every weekday TONY day thru Friday at this time,

OBREON

Columbia bring JEAN MARTIN SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . .

(PLANE EMILO (BARNEY DOUBLE)

Here's the Hawk to continue our story:

WRITER: Charles Gussman

DIRECTOR: Richard Sanville

SUPERVISOR: Robert J Landry (CSM)

TONY: (YAWNING) What do I do with the alarm clock, Thunderbird?

HAWK: (OFF SLIGHTLY) What would you like to do with it?

TONY: See how far I can throw it - but I know that it isn't practical - since we're takin' off for home tomorrow.

HAWK: (COMING ON) Well, since we've wound up a job I think we deserve nine whoppin' hours of uninterrupted sack-time - unless you have other plans . . .

TONY: Me? - have other plans?!

MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: Columbia presents - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK - a story of modern adventure high in the skies, wherever planes can go. . . Hop aboard as Hawk Mallory and his nephew, Barney Mallory, pilot their planes along exciting skyways . . .

(PLANE IN)

Every weekday, Monday thru Friday at this time, Columbia brings you - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . .

(PLANE UP AND FADE OUT UNDER:)

Here's the Hawk to continue our story:

HAWK:

Yesterday Tony and I put the final touches on the job we came to the little Caribbean island of Pelagrosa to do. The tungsten mining operation is going smoothly - and that means the Carter Company back in Middletown is going to be assured of a steady supply ~~xxxxxx~~ of the metal to put into its new personal planes. . . . ~~xxxxxx~~ Probably because the excitement of the last few weeks has eased off the nervous tension I've just ~~xxx~~ managed to get a good nights rest in eight hours - so I've been spending the ~~xxxxx~~ luxurious spare hour thinking over the most recent development. Francine and Pepillo Obreon have patched things up between them - and it seems likely ^{now} that they'll remarry - due partly to their desire to be with Quita, their daughter, but more, I think, to the strong, latent need they have for each other . . . Well, right about now Angie and Barney must be landing at the Middletown airfield and - (STOPPED BY:)
OFF SLIGHTLY
(ALARM CLOCK BELL, - UNDER:)
Aw-aw - there goes the alarm clock - and there's Tony popping up beside me . . .

--OFF SLIGHTLY--

(ALARM CLOCK BELL) (SQUEEking OF BED SPRINGS)
(EFFORT)

TONY: I've got it.

HAWK: It's all yours, chum.

(AFTER A MOMENT CLOCK IS SUBDUED)
(OFF SLIGHTLY)

TONY: You're pretty wide away, aren'tcha, ^hTunderbird?

HAWK: Have been for about an hour.

TONY: You have! (CHUCKLES) That's a laugh.

HAWK: Maybe it is if you're hard up for laughs.

TONY: I've been awake for an hour or so myself - and I didn't stir because I didn't want to rob you of your beddie-bye.

HAWK: Decent of you, Anthony.

TONY: (COMING ON) Hey - ~~look at my tongue~~. Something must be wrong with me. ~~ME~~ I had only eight hours of sack and I'm wide awake. That isn't natural.

HAWK: (CHUCKLES) For you it isn't.

TONY: Look at my tongue. Yaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

HAWK: Handsome. Handsome tongue indeed.

TONY: Off color?

HAWK: It's plaid.

TONY: That bad, huh. I must have McGuffle's Pip.

HAWK: (EFFORT OF RISING) You must tell me all about it.

TONY: Don't think I won't.

HAWK: (GOING OFF) Come on - you can do so on our way down to the beach.

TONY: Hey - you're not going to insist that I take a plunge in the cold water when I have McGuffle's pip!

HAWK: I'm not going to insist on anything. You can die here - alone and unattended.

TONY: No you don't. Wait for baby.

(SCREENED DOOR OPENED - OFF;

FADE IN TROPICAL MORNING SOUNDS - UNDER:)

HAWK: (COMING ON) Oh, you've decided you'll throw off the Pip.

TONY: It's a lingering malady. I may hold out until we get back to the States.

HAWK: Glad to hear it.

TONY: Since you've shown such great interest in it I'll tell you about McGuffie's Pip.

HAWK: Do.

TONY: It was discovered by Doctor Alexi McGuffie one day when he was looking for something else -

HAWK: A collar-button perhaps.

TONY: Perhaps. He named it Wakefulness Fever after his Aunt Wakeful McGuffie - but it has gone down in the annals of medical science as McGuffie's Pip.

HAWK: How interesting.

TONY: How interesting, you say - when your little chum is doomed to dwindle away to a mere nothing - fated never to be able to sleep longer than eight hours at a time.

HAWK: (CHUCKLES) Maybe you can get a double case of it and your usual sleep sixteen hours.

TONY: Oh, well - I didn't expect sympathy from you. . . By the way - why are you so light hearted today.

HAWK: Must be the homing pigeon in me. I'm all hopped up about going back to Middletown.

TONY: What a revolting thing to be enthused about. Middletown in June - steam and humidity rising from the city streets, happy, laughing garbage collectors banging cans under your bedroom window at the crack of dawn . . .

HAWK: Yeah - I can hardly wait.

TONY: (AFTER A MOMENT) You're right, chumley - it'll be very restful after our vacation in the tropics . . . but I'll miss being able to paddle down the path to dunk myself in the surf every morning.

HAWK: Guess I'm a work horse. I'm kinda hankerin' for a new job.

TONY: ~~You~~ ^{we'll} probably have plenty of 'em - stacked up on your desk waitin' for us.

HAWK: Hope so.

TONY: You're a glutton for it, Thunderbird.

HAWK: It's a whale of a lot of satisfaction - to carry off a job like this one we've just finished here on Pelagrosa.

TONY: Yeah.

HAWK: Everything finished as I like it. A place for everything and everything in its place. Neat.

TONY: Including the clinch . . . or the promise of a clinch.

HAWK: Francine and Obreon will patch things up between them.

TONY: I think Pepillo's a sucker - but maybe he knows what he wants.

HAWK: He does . . . Francine isn't so bad, Tony.

TONY: Maybe - but she's not my dish.

HAWK: I think Pepillo's tamed her at last. When I talked with her last night she was talking of refurnishing the mansion and moving in, never no more to roam.

TONY: She should write music to that. Just Pepillo and Me, and Quita Makes Three - we're happy in our abandoned mansion . . . Hey - listena me - I'm makin' up songs!

HAWK: Sounds vaguely familiar.

TONY: That's what they said about Fulton's steamboat. . . Oh, no - that's not right; they said Fulton was crazy.

HAWK: There's a warning for you in that. . . No, really, Tony - I'm very satisfied with what's been accomplished here. I kinda think we've helped make Pelagrosa a happier place for these people.

TONY: (SOBERLY) You're right.

HAWK: And the nice part of it is that, in this world of ours, benefits and prosperity moves along in chain fashion.

TONY: I'm afraid that's a deep thought - but I might be able to handle it. Say on.

HAWK: Well--I mean - uhh - we helped Pepillo get the ^gtungsten mining going - that makes his people happy and prosperous -

TONY: Granted.

(SURGE OF SURF FADED IN SLOWLY - UNDER:)

HAWK: The tungsten goes to the Carter Company and they turn out the Karkoff plane - making the Carter Company happy and prosperous . . . and because Pelagrosa has a little of that happy cabbage in the till it can afford to buy a couple of light planes -

TONY: Maybe Carter Company planes.

HAWK: You're gettin' the idea . . . And so Pelagrosa becomes part of the greater world and ~~Pelagrosa~~ the world grows better because of Pelagrosa.

TONY: That isn't exactly an original idea, y'know.

HAWK: Didn't say it was. It's the One World concept - my own version of it.

TONY: Okay - wrap it up. I'll buy it.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) Well - do you think McGuffie's Pip'll take you off if we get in that water?

TONY: I'll take the chance. . . If that water wasn't ^{such a} pretty pretty blue I'd remember how cold it is. . . ~~What time~~
~~we takin' off for Key West, by the way?~~

HAWK: ^{Barney} Hour or so, I guess. ~~Barney~~ and Angie must be in Middletown by now. If they were on schedule they got there around dawn.

TONY: Yeah . . . By the way, what time we takin' off?

HAWK: Hour or so - if you're packed.

TONY: Hour, huh? (RUNNING OFF WITH A WHOOP) I'll meet ya in Key West, ^{then} I'm gonna swim there. . . Last one in's a cluck!

MUSIC: IN - TRANSITION - FADE UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: (JEAN IS HUMMING TUNELESSLY TO HERSELF - UNDER:) Jean Martin, Hawk's secretary and Handy-Annie in the Middletown office of Aviation Unlimited, is just arriving at the office at the start of the work day . . . Her day is to have a startling beginning . . .

(RATTLING KEYS - KEY IN LOCK - UNDER:)

She gets her first shock when she turns the key in the door lock . . .

JEAN: (SOFTLY, TO SELF) Jeepers - I must've forgot to lock the door last night. . .

(DOOR OPENED)

JEAN: (AFTER A MOMENT; AGHAST) Good Heavens!

(DOOR SLAMMED; FOOTFALLS WITH MIKE IN ECHOEY CORRIDOR)

(AFTER A FEW SECONDS THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN - OFF)

BARNEY: (OFF; CALLING) Hey, Jean - it's all right! It's me - Barney.

(FOOTFALLS STOP)

JEAN: Barney!

BARNEY: (CHUCKLES; OFF) Did I scare ya?

(FOOTFALLS, SLOWER NOW, RESUMED - WITH MIKE - UNDER:)

JEAN: Did you scare me?! It isn't every day that I open that door and find someone asleep on my desk . . . and then to hear a voice yelling "It's me".

BARNEY: (ON NOW) Yeah - I know I shoulda said "It's I."

JEAN: I'll forgive you this time. When'd you get back?

BARNEY: Seven o'clock.

JEAN: (GOING OFF SLIGHTLY) I'm afraid to open the door to the inner office. Hawk and Tony are probably sleeping on that desk.

(DOOR CLOSED)

BARNEY: No they're not. They're not leaving Pelagrosa until today.

JEAN: (COMING ON) You come back with Angela the Yeager?

BARNEY: Uh-huh.

JEAN: Well, sit down, Barney-boy, and dish me the dirt. What's new on Pelagrosa? Every report Hawk sent in he added a tantilizing little account of the goin's-on there. Got so I was feeling I was with you.

BARNEY: Golly - so much happened I don't know whatcha want to know.

JEAN: Well, for instance, what happened to - (STOPS) Wait a minute, though . . . How did it happen you decided to come to the office here to do your sleeping?

BARNEY: Oh - that. . . I phoned our place - and I guess the people we rented to haven't gotten Hawk's notification that we're coming back.

JEAN: You're homeless?

BARNEY: Just till day after tomorrow. They're clearin' out - but I didn't want to rush 'em. I can stay with Frankie Lorraine or Elton Fenton in th' meantime.

JEAN: By the way - Elton has been keepin' my phone hot the last week. Calling about you.

BARNEY: What's eatin' him?

JEAN: Sparrow Club Business, I gathered. He was so steamed up that I couldn't make much sense out of what he was saying.

BARNEY: I'll phone him in a minute.

(PHONE BELL RINGS)

JEAN: (AFTER A MOMENT) Well - could that be telepathy. Elton's a gremlin all right - but I thought he had certain human characteristics.

BARNEY: (GRINNING) Yeah.

(PHONE OFF CRADLE)

JEAN: Aviation Unlimited - good morning. . . Yes - that's right.

BARNEY: (AFTER A MOMENT) Elton?

JEAN: (PROJECTED WHISPER) Long distance from Chicago.

BARNEY: Oh, not so far. An hour in a fast plane. . . Hey - don't throw it.

JEAN: No bad jokes before I have my coffee, youngster. It will spoil my - (BREAKS OFF) Hello. . . Yes . . . No - I'm sorry; Mr Mallory hasn't returned yet. . . He's expected - wait just a moment, please. (TURNING ASIDE) What, Barney?

BARNEY: Wednesday, I think.

JEAN: Hello. He should be back by Thursday . . . Why - I don't know. It may have come in this morning's mail. I haven't sorted it yet . . . What's the name? . . . Yes, Mr Hagidorn, I'll do that; I'll attach a note to your letter and tell Mr Mallory you've changed your mind . . . Not at all. . . Goodbye.

(PHONE SLIPPED INTO CRADLE)

BARNEY: (AFTER A MOMENT) What's wrong?

JEAN: (DISTRACTEDLY) Nothing wrong . . . but that was a strange thing to do.

BARNEY: What?

JEAN: That man phoned long distance to tell me to have Hawk disregard the contents of the letter he'd sent.

BARNEY: He must be goofy.

JEAN: He didn't sound it . . . but that's going to a lot of expense when he could've just sent another letter.

BARNEY: Who is he?

JEAN: (GOING OFF) Name's Hagidorn - say's he's the president of Mercury Newsreel. . . He's got me curious about what it was that he no longer wants Hawk to be concerned about. . . Oh - I guess I'll hage to wait. Mail hasn't arrived yet.

BARNEY: Mercury Newsreel. Must be a new outfit. Never heard of it.

JEAN: (COMING ON) Neither've I . . . but Hawk may've missed out on something good.

BARNEY: Yeah . . . Mind if I use the phone for a minute. Think I'll call Elton and see if I can line up a place to sleep tonight.

JEAN: Go right ahead. Remember his number? It's right there on the desk pad. He gave it to me everytime he called.

BARNEY: Which one? . . . Oh - I see. It's the same number he's always had. Does he think I forget everything in two months.

(PHONE OFF CRADLE; DIALING UNDER:)

JEAN: Barney-boy - it's good to have you back - and as soon as that swoonbeam uncle of yours turns up it'll be like old times.

BARNEY: Good to be back. . . Ya heard any of the Sparrow Club broadcasts while I've been away?

JEAN: Haven't missed one. Oh - did I tell you? - that's one of the things Elton called about. Something special on the broadcast this week.

BARNEY: What?

JEAN: He'll tell you. I doubt if he's started for school ~~yuck~~ this early - since he's graduating this week and -

BARNEY: (BREAKS IN) Hello . . . You, Elton? . . . (CHUCKLES) That's right. Barney - the old maestro himself. How's it goin' with - (STOPS) I just got in from Key West . . . No, Elton!- I'm not in Key West now! Ya don't have to yell in th' phone. I'm in Middletown . . . Wait, don't hang up now. I thought you wanted to talk to me about something. . . Okay - you're in a hurry, but - (STOPS) . . . Sure, I'll meet you there. I've got the address. . . but what is it? . . . Your what? . . . Elton - wait -

(JIGGLING PHONE HOOK)

Elton!

(PHONE ON CRADLE)

JEAN: (CHUCKLES) That's how he's been every time he's called. He sounds excited, says something idiotic and hangs up.

BARNEY: (BAFFLED) It couldn't've been as idiotic as what he just told me. . . He wants me to meet him at his dressmakers.

JEAN: His what?

BARNEY: That's what he said - at his dressmaker's.

MUSIC: CAPRICIOUS PLAY-OUT - THEN PELAGROSAN - FADE AND HOLD UNDER:

(SURGE OF SURF - UNDER:)

ANNOUNCER: Hawk's plane lies at anchor off the shore of Pelagrosa's harbor. Pepillo Obreon's aide Emilo has just brought the dingy back to ~~shore~~ the beach after having taken Tony and the luggage out to the plane. . . Now as Obreon and Hawk step into the boat the Pelagrosan leader gestures to Emilo . . .

OBREON: Obreon will himself take his friend to the airplane, Emilo.

EMILO: (OFF) Si, presidente.

OBREON: We will part just as we met - eh, my friend?

HAWK: Not exactly. We're not the curious strangers we were that day.

OBREON: (MOVING OFF) Si. . . now we are the lifelong friends, hey?

HAWK: Sure. . . Here - I'll take one of the oars.

OBREON: No - the rowing Obreon will do himself. It was that way the first day he brings you ashore on Pelagrosa.

HAWK: (CHUCKLES) You're a sentimental old cuss, aren't you, Pepillo?

OBREON: Parting with his friends is somethings Obreon does not like.

HAWK: You'll have to get up to the States one of these days.

OBREON: That is possible, my friendx - someday . . . but always you are welcome on this island. Remember that, my friend - Obreon and Pelagrosa owe to you more than they can ever repay.

HAWK: You can repay us for what we did by keeping that tungsten coming along.

OBREON: Nothing will stop the mining now that you have help us start. You will please to tell to Mr Williams that his company will always have all the tungsten needed from Pelagrosa.

HAWK: He'll be glad to hear that - and if you ever get around to buying that lightplane to fly mail to and from Fort de France remember the Carter Company. You'll be buying back some of your own tungsten.

OBREON: That is high on the list of things Obreon will want to do - buy the small airplane. My island is not part of the great outside world now - and it must stay that way. Eh? - Obreon has said something wrong?

HAWK: No - you've just said something I told Tony this morning.

TONY: (OFF) Somebody call me? - I said, did somebody call?

HAWK: (PROJECTING) Be right with you, Anthony. (EFFORT) Here - catch.

TONY: (AFTER A MOMENT) Got it.

HAWK: You can put the oars in the boat, Pepillo. . . Tony'll pull us 'longside.

(OARS IN BOAT - WATER AGAINST SIDES OF BOAT - UNDER:)

OBREON: Si . . . There are so many thing Obreon are want to say, my friend - and he will not be able to say them.

HAWK: Save 'em and write us a poem sometime.

OBREON: (CHUCKLES) Si - the things would go best in the poetry.

HAWK: There are a few odds and ends I have to clear up myself. First - about the pilot I hired for you. He'll arrive at ~~xxxxxx~~ Fort de France on Wednesday and he'll be expecting you to meet him.

OBREON: Obreon will be there.

HAWK: His name is de Santis and I think you'll get along with him fine. He's a good flier and a good guy.

OBREON: Obreon has no worries about the man you choose. . .

TONY: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Ya gonna sit there and shoot the breeze or do you want to go bye-bye in big plane?

HAWK: Keep your goggles on. Why don't you warm the engines if you're in such a big hassle.

TONY: I'll do that little thing. (EFFORT OF BENDING DOWN * CLOSER TO MIKE) Here's a handshake to put in your memory book, Pepillo. Label it Anthony Higgins, the noblest Roman of them all.

OBREON: (CHUCKLES) ~~AM~~ Happiness for you always, senor Higgins - and a million thanks.

TONY: Sorry - I can only take a thousand. Ceiling price. . .
(RISING - MOVING AWAY)
^Don't take any tungsten nickles, Pepillo - and good luck to you.

OBREON: Goodbye, my friend.

HAWK: (QUIETLY) Here's another handshake for that memory book, Pepillo.

OBREON: (WARMLY) We will meet again, ~~XXXXX~~ my friend.

HAWK: Sure - you bet. . . Hope everything goes well with you and Francine.

OBREON: All will go well. We both are now know that too many years have been wasted - and they will not be wasted again.

(ENGINES COUGH TO LIFE - OFF - CARRY UNDER:)

HAWK: You'll have to give me a hand up, Pepillo.

OBREON: Si - just as once Obreon are help you down.

HAWK: (EFFORT) Ther-r-r-r-e - that does it. . . Goodbye, Pepillo.

OBREON: (OFF) The richest life can offer to you forever, my friend.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT; QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF) So long, Pelagrosa.

MUSIC: IN - FADEE AND HOLD UNDER:

(TWO-MOTOR PLANE TAKING OFF FROM WATER - UNDER:)

ANNOUNCER: Tony and Hawk exchange winks as the floats of the plane leave the water of Pelagrosa harbor - winks that say: "This has been swell - but what comes next?" . . . The Answer to this is in a letter just now being placed on Hawk's desk back in Middletown - a letter with a cryptic notation by Jean Martin appended . . .

MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: Pursuing Sparrow Club business, Barney Mallory becomes involved in a slightly madcap incident of the sort that only Elton Felton, the human gremlin, could bring about . . . You'll hear of this - tomorrow - as we continue the story of - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . .

(PLANE IN)

This is Tony Marvin inviting you to be with us tomorrow and every weekday, Monday thru Friday at this time, to follow the adventures of--THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK. . . . written by Charles Gussman, directed by Richard Sanville - for CBS:

THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

HAWK: Yesterday Tony and I put the final touches on the job we came to the little Caribbean island of Pelagrosa to do. The tungsten mining operation is going smoothly - and that means the Carter Company back in Middletown is going to be assured of a steady supply ~~fixxxxx~~ of the metal to put into its new personal planes. . . . ~~xxxxxxx~~ Probably because the excitement of the last few weeks has eased off the nervous tension I've just ~~xxx~~ managed to get a good nights rest in eight hours - so I've been spending the ~~xxxxx~~ luxurious spare hour thinking over the most recent development. Francine and Pepillo Obreon have patched things up between them - and it seems likely ^{now} that they'll remarry - due partly to their desire to be with Quita, their daughter, but more, I think, to the strong, latent need they have for each other . . . Well, right about now Angie and Barney must be landing at the Middletown airfield and - (STOPPED BY:)
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